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SEPARATION
AND OTHER POEMS

SEPARATION

And Other Poems

By

DELIA TUDOR THACHER



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SEPARATION
AND OTHER POEMS

TO ELIZABETH

WHAT words can give the glory of thine eyes!
Twin mountain lakes, deep-fringed in woods,
Reflecting all of Nature's changing moods;
Clear mirrors for the azure of her skies.
This is not all, beloved, that I see;—
I see unguessed, unheard, undreamed-of things;
The flash and passing of an angel's wings—
A spirit true, untrammeled, dauntless, free,
It is not I, alas, who can be guide
To thee sweetheart; I only arm for strife,
To meet that greatest of all teachers, Life!
Will it be rough, or smooth, that road you ride?
Take one great gift from me before you start:
Courage, my daughter, and a steadfast heart!

THE PATH OF THE RAINBOW

MY spirit sweeps upon the wings of dawn
 Calling to thine;
My feet are light as the fleet-footed fawn,
 O heart of mine!

In silvery solitudes the woods disclose
 Their souls to me;
The flushing face of the unfolding rose
 Whispers of thee.

There where on tinkling streams the sunlight
 gleams,
 I bathe my feet;
The while from banks of flowers float dreams
 Of fragrance sweet!

Far in the pathways of the great plumed pines
My thoughts lie deep;
Of worlds awaiting us, of light that shines
Through the last sleep!

Lulled to sleep upon the ocean deep,
My soul doth rest,
Conscious it shall at last to shelter creep,
Against thy breast.

TO A DAUGHTER OF CALIFORNIA

WHAT art thou, woodland creature, elf or sprite
That hast enthralled my senses and my sight?
Reveal the secret that hast kept thee wild
In close accord with Nature—her own child.

Incarnate laughter of the flashing stream
Playful as the sunlight's quiv'ring gleam
Thro' foliage on brown waters of the brook—
Now here, now gone—thou'rt vanished with a
look.

Was it at twilight or at early dawn?
The meadows lay in mist—a wand'ring fawn
Halted and gazed at me—I saw her eyes—
Gone was she as I watched the mist arise!

Like fawn, then one with all the furry folk
Roaming the wood, unfettered by a yoke;
Who thinks to tame thee—let him have a care,
That proud free spirit may no mortal snare.

Thine is the brilliance of the oriole's wing,
Thine all the joy of recreating Spring;
Thy strength and grace are in the leaping grass,
Loving all these—so do I love thee, lass.

WANDERLUST

OLD as the race of man am I, and men of ages
past,

Keen men and bold, who lives did hold as dice
that Fortune cast,

Strong men to joy in clang of steel and hiss of
storm-wind free

On land and seas have left their ease to rise and
follow me.

To each my secret whisper comes, in each his,
soul doth blaze

With hate of smug and safe repose, of smooth
and slothful days;

Faint from the magic distance cry my silver
clarions free,

And though the price be Paradise my men come
forth to me.

And so when you do hear my call, O man of
modern days,
Throw off the cumbering robe of doubt that
custom on you lays,
Come as your fathers came before, the glorious
strife to try,
Your single strength against the force of earth
and sea and sky!

WORLD WEARINESS

DEAR, you love me, but you do not understand.
A fish can have no life upon dry land;
Guard thou a gull like bird of paradise,
The wild thing, pining, sickens soon and dies.
You have surrounded me with all things fair,
And you have lavished on me every care,
But yet my soul is wearying for the wild,
The old, free life I once had as a child.

I long to roam the edges of the world,
Catching the spray from crested waves uncurled;
I want to hear the marsh-bird's lonely call,
And watch his wheeling flight; and gather all
The bits of driftwood for a bluish blaze
Upon the beach; see the sun set in maze
Of mists, and one by one step out the gentle stars,
Shepherded by all-resplendent Mars.

Prone on the sands, quite limp, with upturned
palms,
Listening to the symphony of psalms,
I want God slowly to refill my soul
With His great peace: As in an upturned bowl,
The silly swarms of worries filtered through
Like cracked and thirsty spots, with Nature's dew,
That heavenly manna which in Egypt fell
To feed the starving tribes of Israel.

Fear not, for in the end I shall return,
To watch with you our own hearth-fire burn,
To guard the souls entrusted to our care,
And with you all our mutual blessings share.
Now do not hold me longer, let me go,
To where the world's great waters ebb and flow;
There shall I find my strength again, and rest,
Against our great Earth Mother's healing breast.

A VALENTINE

To M. B. T.

I WISH to bring a garland fair,
A lovely wreath of virtues rare,
To one who holds within my heart
A place for her quite set apart.

Patience first I will entwine
With Dignity of a noble line;
Sincerity, 'tis sweet to touch;
Unworldliness, I love thee much;

Uprightness too must have a place;
And Kindliness thou flow'r of grace;
'Tis done! I place my wreath complete,
Humbly, Lady, at thy feet.

Immortal blossoms these to sow
Thy children's children yet may grow.
We pray to find anew thy grace
Upspringing in the younger race.

THE TRYST

MY friend, you cannot lose me, for I shall be
Wherever Nature lives and breathes her ecstasy.
You shall seek my spirit in the wind
Whose voice calls from the deep,
Rousing the passion in the ocean's breast;
And you shall feel me near the cradle of a child,
asleep,
Where the silent, radiant ones their vigil keep.
My voice is in the breeze that plays upon the pines
Lulling the sheltering forest to repose;
I linger near sweet scented hedges, where blooms
unsought,
Except by ravishing bee, the wild pink rose;
And in the fastness of a mountain glen

Where spray flies, and tumbling water is the only
sound,

Where moss grows rich and moist upon the ground.

I bask upon the wide and smiling moors

Where the sun-steeped heather warms and soothes
the heart;

There rides the moon. The warm lands reel and
sway,

Revealing the earth mother in her sleep.

Look for me in the sun flecked meadows

Where poppies play hide and seek among the
wheat,

Where the south wind is friendly with the sun,

And flocks of buttercups and daisies run.

Seek me at midnight in the snow-pasture of a
mountain peak,

With the frost kindling to life each winking sepa-
rate star;

Or sniffing the smoke of brushwood fires along the
woodland's edge.

You shall walk on undulating uplands of close
clipped grass

Where sheep do love to browse;

Take me by the hand—I shall be there.

Or in a sheltered garden,

Ere the sun has drunk the dew,

Where the plants distil their incense

And the earth is clean and fair,

Make we our tryst.

TO MOUNT WASHINGTON

THOU mighty chieftain, guardian of the plain,
Snow-crowned, serene, majestic, marshallest thou
Against the rising sun this great hill chain!
From thee the Ammonoosuc draws its flow,
And through these lowlands threads its wild,
 sweet way;
Here meadows merge in birch and spruce and
 pine;
While Autumn on the hill-tops holds her sway,
The pastures spread their vesture green and fine.
Some hidden chimney sends its curling smoke
To meet the moon that climbs the Crystal Hills;
Reluctantly the sun withdraws his cloak,
While all the vale below with moonlight fills.
Patient to serve, and mighty to withstand,
Like him whose name is great in all our land!

TO A HEBREW

WHO art thou, that proud, alone, remote,
Stands forth amid a sea of placid faces?
That shaggy head and swarthy brow denote
Thou art an offspring of the alien races.
Those deep-set eyes have pierced beyond the ken
Of ordinary man. Thy shoulders are immense.
I seem to see a bleak and rocky mountain
The summit clothed in pathless snows, and
dense
The growth that bars the approach of man.
Are hidden fires there beneath the snows?
Depths of tenderness and passion? Can
A woman reach the warmth within, who knows?
Accept this tribute! Since the world began
Woman has always worshipped strength in man!

SHOULD I NOT LOVE THEE?

SHOULD I not love thee? Canst thou then
prevent

The bud from yielding to the breath of spring;
The stars from glowing in the firmament;

The thrilling joy of lark upon the wing.
There's not in Nature's self aught more divine
Than this great gift unfolding in my heart;
The kindling of this wonder-light is thine.

Regret it not; in fear it has no part;
We may not reap that which we do not sow;
Thy love hath freed deep springs—this new-born
youth,

This joyous power, these must overflow,
To do the Master's work and spread His truth.
To you my love shall radiate, a star
That scorneth not, but comforts from afar.

YOUTH SPEAKS TO AGE

LISTEN—women of an elder generation,
The voice of youth beseeches you to hear;
We who hold you in deepest veneration,
Are not destroying all you hold most dear.

Was there not beneath your grave, calm faces
A seething substance that was not at rest;
Did you not pray that in the coming races
Some answer might be found to your request?

A question asked for which the world has waited
For each succeeding generation to resolve;
That men and women be more closely mated
That from them finer offspring may evolve.

Youth is turbulent, and turbulent the spirit
That stirs the deeps in man to light of day.
The jetsam you discern upon our surface
Is kin to that which deep within you lay.

You also longed to change this social structure,
To mould it nearer to the God-like plan;
You also dreamed that from your children's
future,
We should ask more and render more to man.

The struggle in your bosom that lay dormant,
We, your children, to the world are laying bare;
That men forego the pleasure of the moment,
And let the planted seed grow strong and fair.

We ask that in the service which we render,
In order to perfect our children's birth,
Men be no longer passionate but tender—
The sower guards the seedling in the earth.

We do not ask the privilege of riches,
Strangling are its chains, and great its care.
We beg that in the burdens our men carry,
We be allowed to carry our full share.

Man needs our aid embracing wider issues
His children need him for their spiritual growth;
The pregnant hours that form the infant tissues
Are deep with thought and not mere hours of
sloth.

Ah, give us comradeship and understanding
Courage we have to share the life we face.
Shoulder to shoulder each from each demanding,
Thus only, shall we rear a noble race.

LIGHT IN THE STORM

FROM out the torpor of this senseless strife
I hear a voice recalling me to life!
Throw off thy lethargy, renew thy strength;
This ghastly gloom is lightening at length.
No time for sluggard's sleep, Awake! Arise!
The dawn is breaking in the eastern skies!

The dawn is breaking, the great fight begun,
The Master calls his own. Arise, my son!
There never yet was fought so fierce a fight;
There never dawned so wonderful a light.
The slaughter that is seen on every hand
Shall cleanse, renew and purify the land.

Too long a slothful ease has been unkind!
Prosperity has dulled the people's mind;

Closed up their hearts, and blindfolded their
eyes,
Until they ceased to listen to the cries
Of half the race that struggles yet in chains,
Crying to heaven to ease them of their pains.

God hath loosed the lightnings of his sword!
Called on His own to listen to His word;
His chosen people, who in darkest night
Have ears to hear, and eyes to look for light!
Hearken to the summons! Heed the call!
Heed it, thou, and pass it on to all!

Who art thou, Spirit, calling in the night?
I see thy radiance, and I sense thy might!
I feel a breath of wings upon my face,
I seem enfolded in a vast embrace.
A growing power within obeys thy call,
But thee thyself I do not see at all.

I am the spirit of the coming age,
Yearning to write on history's clean page!
I am the light in each true woman's face,
Dauntlessly fighting to protect the race.
I am the gentler elements in man,
Struggling to mold him to his Maker's plan.

I am the dawning light on sea and land!
I shall beget a race of different brand.
To master matter has been man's desire;
My race shall unto higher rule aspire.
The conquest you have made of sea and air
You've used to foul the things that should be fair.

The Lord of Hosts is mighty in His wrath,
And now is sweeping you from out his path!
Arouse thee, then; come forth and follow me!
I'll lead thee to the land that shall be free.
The time is close, the years are but a span;
That shall behold the brotherhood of man!

WARRING GODS

Oh god of battles, are you not content
With the horrors with which the world is rent?
With the millions slaughtered, the wasted lands,
With the homeless driven to alien strands,
And will you clamour for vengeance yet?
When, oh when, will your red sun set?

You've taken our husbands, you've taken our
sons,
Half-grown youth to be food for your guns!
There's hardly a home in all the world
Where death has not followed your flag unfurled..
Your greed for blood is unsated still,
Must we watch while you drink your fill?

Far and near you have sworn to sew
Hatred and malice for friend and foe,

You've failed; the blood that waters the plain,
Please God shall not have been shed in vain.
The demon of war must be buried deep;
Entombed in an eternal sleep!

To arms! The nations obeyed your call;
They've followed your flag, they've given their
all!

There has been no hate, there have been no foes;
Brothers all, they have shared their woes;
'Tis you alone they have sworn to kill.
The right will conquer, it is God's will.

Even now the army is at your gate,
A marvellous army born of fate,
Welded together by bands so strong,
They closely knit such a motley throng.
Together they learn the lesson of pain,
Die to demolish the slayer of slain.

Fatherless children! Women who weep!
The God of mercy is not asleep.
By hospital cot and in soldier's camp
Love and sacrifice feed His lamp.
Courage He lends the men afield;
Binds all who serve beneath His shield.

This is the bond for which men strive,
The hope that keeps their faith alive;
The torment which the world is bearing
The nations of the world are sharing.
The torturing throes that rend the earth
Precede our Saviour's glorious birth!

Shall war bring hatred in its train,
Or love be born from death and pain?
Prepared at least our souls to hail
The God of peace who shall not fail?
Unlocked our hearts to understand
His message that shall sweep the land!

GO SEEK THE GARDENS

You, who have battled with passion and with
pain,

Go seek the gardens of the world again.

Delve in the rejuvenating earth, and tread anew,
The paths of peace God offers unto you.

LINES TO THE WINGED VICTORY

WINGS, wings, and a windy sea,
Strong breasting of a rushing tide,
Surging waters you cleave aside,
Your spirit's passing is free, is free.

The blasts may whistle, the sea-birds cry,
Onward you pass to your destined goal.
The Master who fired the artist's soul
Built you regal of breast and thigh.

That later ages might understand
What God intended woman to give:
The power to love, the power to live,
Man must receive back from your hand.

He made you the toy of an idle hour,
You with Earth's healing in your breast,
Nature's balm for the nerve's unrest,
Where shall his soul find ease from labour?

Fearless, you plowed the ocean wild,
Strong in your freedom, sound of heart,
With you at the helm man dared to start
To shadowy lands that beckoned and smiled.

Wings, wings, you shall sweep the world,
Of jealousy, cruelty, greed and gain,
And wash it clean of many a stain,
Humanity's flag shall fly unfurled.

THE SONG OF THE SOUTHLAND

Do you hear the bluebird singing
In the land of the feathered pine,
Do you feel the joy he is bringing,
When the sun shall once more shine.

Where the west glows red and burning,
And the cotton weds the corn,
'Tis there my heart is turning,
Toward the land where I was born.

Too long among the ice-storms
Makes Northern hearts grow cold;
The bitter winter weather
Can make us harsh and old.

I love the sandy southland
Where the eastern winds are tame;
And the warm hearts of a people
Who had rather praise than blame.

Sing on, sing on, dear Bluebird,
For many hear your song;
It teaches those who suffer,
That light and life are strong.

Then suffer and die if need be
Since dying is but to live,
But sing with the Southern Bluebird
Life is to love and give.

Where the west glows red and burning
And the cotton weds the corn,
'Tis there my heart is turning,
Toward the land where I was born.

THE LADY MOON

THE lady moon is my lover,
My friends are the oceans four,
The Heavens have roofed me over
The dawn is my Golden Door.

L'ATTENTE SUR LA TOUR
(*CHANSON*)

LA nuit tombe brumeuse dans la vaste cité,
Le monde s'endort;
Les lumières brillent à demi révélés
Ainsi ton sort.

Ressens-tu l'amour divin qui s'avance
D'un pas léger?
Mystérieux encore dans la distance,
Et éloigné.

Reçois-tu les caresses, cette douce haleine
Qui souffle la joie?
Te prépares-tu pour ce grand maître suprême,
Qui marche vers toi?

Entends-tu le froissement de ses grandes ailes
Majestueuses?

Sa présence pour les âmes trop frêles
Est désastreuse.

Crois-tu que la passion d'une brève semaine
S'appelle l'amour?

La lumière d'une chandelle se voit à peine
Quand vient le jour.

A celui qui tient fort sous la souffrance
Il se découvre,
Et fait entrer dans l'éternelle jouissance
Du ciel qui s'ouvre.

Aperçois-tu l'amour qui seul s'approche
D'un pas vainqueur?
Mes sens me parlent d'une armée qui approche
Portant bonheur.

Amour! Amour, O toi qui m'es si cher,
Doux comme le miel.

Tes mains sont douces, tes yeux sont clairs,
Ta bouche, le ciel.

Cette nuit d'encens divine est odoreuse
De toutes les fleurs.

Ainsi je veux mourir, Amour, heureuse
Tout contre ton cœur.

MA DESTINÉE

QUE tu m'as mécomprise
Voilà ce qui me brise
Et m'écoeur.
Comment as-tu pu croire
La joie de se revoir
Porte malheur?

Ne puis-je pas t'aimer
Sans vouloir compliquer
Ta vie?
Je voudrais mourir
Plutôt que faire souffrir
Mon ami.

La mort ne m'affraye pas
On n'aura pas là bas
De souffrance.

Les maux dont souffre la terre
Sont le souci, la colère,
L'indulgence.

Si je désirais vivre
C'est afin de poursuivre
Rêve d'enfance;
Si je dois l'accomplir
J'ai besoin de sourire,
D'insouciance.

Je voudrais protéger
Encore quelque années
Mes enfants.
Ils ont besoin de moi
Mon courage et ma joie,
Je le sens.

Aime-moi comme un frère
Mais donne-moi ta prière
 Pour ma santé;
Toi seul a su ouvrir
Mon âme pour accomplir
 Sa destinée.

GATES OF PEARL

DEAR heart, what shall I tell you that you do
not know?

We met and loved and parted once, long years
ago.

Life then rolled between us, gathering in its flow
Blessings unto each,

The best of all its treasures laying at our feet:

And then once more Life willed that we should
meet,

And learn anew that lesson once so sweet
Life sought to teach.

Whence does it come, and why; this sense of
peace

That passeth understanding, like the soul's
release—

Unsought by you or me we feel increase
A tide unknown and deep;
Bearing us on beyond the need of speech;
Lifting us far above the sense's reach;
A realm unknown, a light yet strange to each.
Are you, am I, asleep?

What are we to learn? What does it mean?
Have we both lived as one in worlds unseen
And now forgotten, that our thoughts thus lean
Each unto each;
Leaping beyond mere words our spirits cling;
Warm wrapped within the shadow of an angel's
wing;
Hark to the music of the spheres that swing
Beyond our reach!

IN THE VALLEY OF THE OJAI

I BREATHE the spirit of the desert
And its space—
Or is it the plain of an old ocean bed
That blossoms now
In the gaunt arms of these protective hills?
Hills so old, so scarred; one wonders
How many races have been born
And nurtured to maturity and sunk again
Into oblivion,
Since first they reared their heads from the
Surrounding shore.
They formed an inland guard
Where smoke may rise upon the evening air
From homes at peace.

Turbulence is without, and travail
And the throes of death and birth;
But here is rest.
The scent of the flowering orange, and a wild
 peach
Flaming in the corner of a field
Restore the heart.
A child's laughter floating across the valley
Reaches this Indian rock.
Sweet watching Winged One, how dear must be
 to you
This fertile vale,—
That the love of hearth and garden return to
 you,
Rising like incense on the evening air.
I feel your brooding wings, sheltering all.
Your hair flies and is fragrant,
And I hear afar or very near,
Faint laughter of youth.

You are so young.

Why do you laugh?

Because I have rested in your arms entwined in
the meshes

Of your hair,

And drowsy with the sweetness of your breath,
and yet unsatisfied,

Would look upon your loveliness unveiled?

I feel that you are calling me, calling far away
To the edge of another world.

If I return from the long, long journey

Shall I see you then?

Shall I see you then?

From afar, dim, rippling, laughter again
Is borne to me upon the twilight air.

SUNRISE

COME to me my love across the clean, firm
sand

For I see in the arching billows

The smooth curves of your limbs,

And in their foaming crests,

The tresses of your hair

Breaking over all your sweet body.

My heart listens for the pressure of your feet

Gleaming across the sands.

Come to me where I await you on the shore.

The warm glow of you is like the inner side of a
shell.

And the touch of you like flowers

Kissing in a summer wind.

Your eyes have seen the kindling of new stars;
They leave me wordless with delight.
Your lips are warm to my caress,
But your heart, beloved, is like
The great sweet Heart of all the world.
I call to you for I am all alone.

SUNSET SKIES

A_N undulating floor of shadowy sea
Sweeps from my feet away
To the horizon rim, where day
Is sinking in a sky of flame.

There where volcanic mountains meet the shore
Roll darkening clouds,
Loosing the shrouds
That veil the fluttering harbingers of night.

And high above the pathway of the sun,
Hangs in the deepening sky,
The evening star close by,
The slender archway of the silver moon.

Ye Shining Ones of earth, and sea, and air,
Translate yourselves to men.
Let them be born again
To light their torches from your oriflammes!

Behold our garments in the trailing cloud!
And where your footsteps flow
You leave the world aglow!
From night enfolding day is Beauty born!

TO MY MOTHER

THOU of the dauntless heart and shining eyes,
Once more I hear thee call me to arise:
“Gird up thy loins and plunge into the fight,
Thy work’s undone: the end is not in sight.
Forward, nor fear to stumble in the night,
Courage, for after dark there must come light.”

How many times upon life’s weary road,
Have those brave accents been to me a goad,
How many times in agonies of pain,
When parched with fever have they soothed like
rain.

Courage! that message borne into my brain
Has stirred and brought me back to life again.

The sluggard had no chance with thee to live,
Who ever taught that we must grow and give,
Whose tenderness to the faint of heart
Must end in tonic for the soul to start
On fresh endeavors in the world's great mart,
Nor fail in that great game to play full part.

Whenever there was chance for fuller life,
To free a stifled soul thou used the knife.
Fear is forever stranger to thine eyes
Whose vision pierces to the distant skies.
Only one road thou seest by which to rise,
Seek the life-struggle, or the spirit dies!

Above the dauntless heart, the shining eyes
Promise the peace and happiness that lies
Beyond the pain; find joy upon the way,
In all its shapes and forms, and make it play
As boon companion, nor lose its ray
In darkest places; call it back to stay.

When comes to me at last the final sleep,
Shall that great soul above its vigil keep,
As here on earth? When passing into peace
Shall thy dear voice await the soul's release?
Could I then hear thy voice and grasp thy hand,
In fearless joy I'd seek the Promised Land!

PROPHETIC SHADOWS

WHAT art Thou that once more bring'st to me
A flash of immaterial unseen things;
The fragrance of a half-remembered dream,
And leaves me following the flight of wings?

Across my eyelids like the breath of night
Thou drewest the flower of the days gone by;
I drifted through the gardens of my youth,
Aware of pulsing life that will not die.

The flutter of a bird within the hand,
The stirring of first life within the womb,
This message is of an awakening life;
The first was that of an impending doom.

On entering the walls of Thy domain,

A great green star shot downward toward the
earth;

I sank in desolation midst the hills;

The menace was of death and not re-birth.

Come, wingèd one, again, and let us learn

A little more of Thee; for we would lose

Our very selves racked with a mortal strife,

And seek Thy warm-lapped valley of repose.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE

THE still small voice has spoken in the silence
The flower has opened on the calm lagoon
And now my soul has heard at last the summons
The voice that speaks to each or late or soon.

Beside me stands a strong and vibrant presence
Unseen and yet revealed,
The current coming toward me is the essence
In all of life concealed.

Thou fillest me, Great Spirit, with thy glory;
I tread the clouds,
Leaving behind me all things transitory,
A soul its shrouds.



SEPARATION

LAUGH, beloved,—for the days that seem so
long,

Are hardly noted in the Eternal Song.

Sing, beloved,—for the months we spend apart,
But teach the patience of the Almighty Heart.

Smile, beloved,—years are fleeting things,
With the Great Plan unfolded, years have wings.


Work, beloved,—so shall the work-filled hours,
Free us by night to seek the fields of flowers.

H17 24





HECKMAN
BINDERY INC.



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